



MONTEREY NEWS

January 2000
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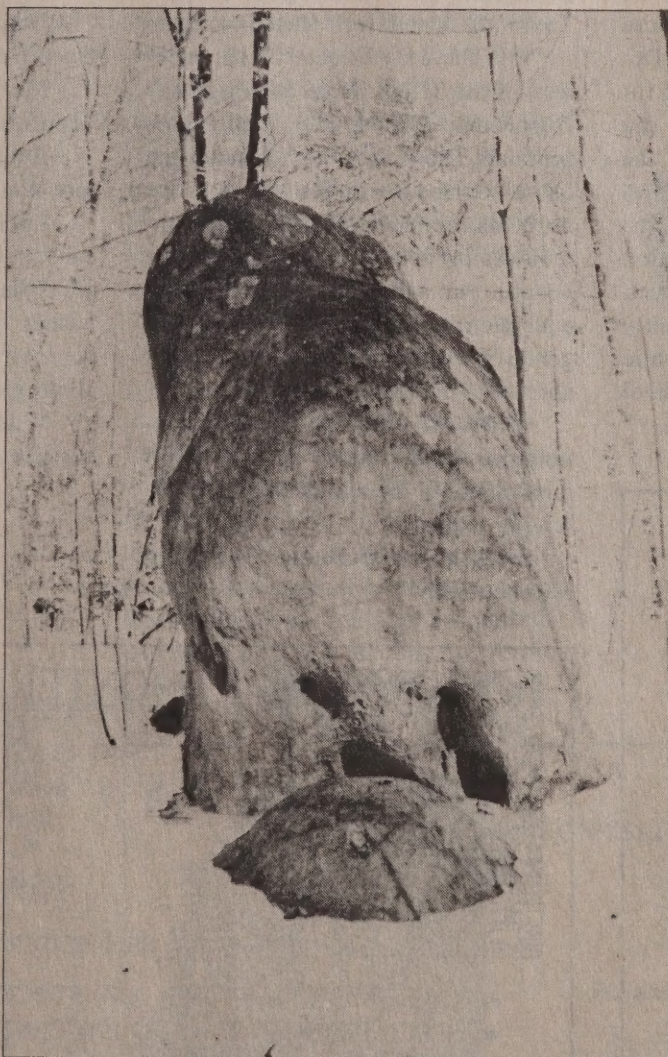
The Town

Police report on Hunting Season Incidents and Break-ins. Gareth

Backhaus reported that, on Saturday, December 4, a call for help was received from a hunter lost in the woods in Beartown State Forest. The original report was of three hunters lost and possibly injured. The call, thought to be made from a cell phone, was picked up by the New York State Police in Poughkeepsie. They contacted the Massachusetts State Police, who began to investigate.

A command center was set up at the ranger station on Blue Hill Road, and the Monterey Police joined the investigation and began checking license plates of all vehicles parked in the forest, matching them with hunting licenses, and verifying the identity of the hunters. It was thought, after attempts to contact the lost hunter on cell phone frequencies were unsuccessful, that the call might have come from a walkie-talkie radio. Contact was made with the hunter on a radio frequency band, and he was walked out of the woods with the aid of a State Police helicopter. It turned out that only one hunter was lost, after becoming separated from his friends. As it was unclear whether others might also be lost, police took the precaution of waiting until all vehicles were out of the area

before closing the investigation. All in all, Monterey was pleased with the collaboration of the State Police in bringing the search to a successful resolution.



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Elephant Rock awaits the next millennium.

Later in December there was a report of hunters in the vicinity of Hupi Woods Circle. The hunters in this case were following an injured animal and

happened to enter this populated area. Monterey Police advise residents and hunters that the proper procedure for such a situation is to call police or emergency personnel if an injured animal enters a populated area. Hunters must have written permission to hunt on private property and should **never** enter populated areas with loaded weapons. Police, animal control officers, and other qualified emergency personnel will be willing to put down injured animals.

Two break-ins were reported in November. Both homes belong to second-home owners and are situated so that neither the house nor the top of the driveway is visible from the road. Neither owner was at home when the break-ins were reported. The police are following up on some leads. One of the property owners has since applied for a permit for an alarm system. Anyone with information about these incidents is encouraged to call the Monterey Police at 528-3211. Also, anytime people see anything suspicious they should report it promptly to the police.

Workman's Compensation Benefits Now Available for Monterey Police.

Disability insurance and Workman's Compensation benefits for the entire Police Department are being secured by Town Secretary Bonnie Jurgensen.

This coverage will ensure that anyone injured in the line of duty will be compensated without penalty to the Town.

December Windstorms. Muriel Lazzarini reports winds gusting up to 70 mph at her house the weekend of December 11 & 12. Several trees were downed and power was out. A large maple fell on the power line near 512 Main Road, causing the most widespread and longest outage from around 3:30 to 10:30 p.m. that Saturday. Massachusetts Electric dealt with the multiple repairs in a timely manner, and all power was restored before midnight Saturday.

Regional School Boards News. School Board representatives from the five towns of the Southern Berkshire Regional School District met on December 3 to discuss future planning for funding. This was a next step in the planning process agreed upon by the five towns earlier in the year. The three-year agreement stipulates that work will be ongoing to find a long-term solution for the financing of the school district. The School Board is working diligently to find a solution to the dilemma, while also waiting to see the result of school reforms being legislated in Boston.

Hear ye, hear ye!

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(413)637-4243

The *Monterey News* is published monthly under the auspices of Monterey United Church of Christ, Monterey, MA 01245.

Select Board Attends Informational Workshops. On Thursday, December 9, Select Board members attended a day-long workshop on disbursement regulations related to the Federal Community Development Block Grant for barrier removal at Town Hall. They returned with two large books of information and guidelines about issues like, reporting, audits, and restrictions on payment of prevailing wages for work done on the Town Hall. The Select Board looks forward to working closely with Berkshire Housing, who will be largely responsible for the administration of the grant. Berkshire Housing has lots of experience with these sort of grants, and the Town will benefit from their expertise.

On Thursday December 16, members of the Select Board and Highway Department attended an icebreakers seminar. There they were offered the latest information on ice and snow removal and control available to the Commonwealth. We look forward to the benefits that will result from this sort of education, and all appreciate the diligence of our Town officials in keeping abreast of the technology.

Cultural Council Awards Announced. The Monterey Cultural Council announces the approval of the following grants:

Berkshire Museum: "Amazing Microbes Day";

Berkshire Bach Society: "School Outreach Program";

Flying Cloud Institute: "FCI Enrichment Program for Children";

Shakespeare & Company: "Fall Festival of Shakespeare 2000";

Berkshire Writers Room: Publication of local authors, volume 8 of *Berkshire Review*;

Bob Thomas: "Paul Bunyan's Polka Party" (children's stories and dances);

S. Berk. Reg. School: Dance Residencies—2000;

Bidwell House: 8th Annual Folk Concert;

Mary Kate Jordan: Art Classes Inc., Public Art Show (drawings & poetry);

Hancock Shaker Village: Berkshire Open House & Art Exhibit;

Monterey Firehouse Dancers: Semiformal Ball;

Bonner McAllester: Monterey Nature Walks.

Look in the *Monterey News* Calendar for listings of these events as they are scheduled. The Cultural Council wishes to ensure that Monterey residents have full awareness and access to all programs sponsored by the Council.

Wishing all Montereyans all the best for the millennium and beyond.

— Amy B. Goldfarb



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Board of Appeals News

On November 19, 1999, the Board of Appeals held a hearing and, as a result of testimony presented, granted a special permit (by a vote of 4 to 1) to the applicant to demolish and reconstruct a nonconforming structure.

The Board members were notified by certified mail on December 17, 1999, that the Town Counsel, representing the Select Board and the Planning Board, had filed a complaint which was entered in the Superior Court of Berkshire County to request the Court to have the Board of Appeals decision annulled.

The members of the three Boards involved are listed below:

Planning Board

Gerry Shapiro
Jon Sylbert
Wayne Burkhart
Daniel Andrus
Fred W. Chapman

Select Board

Muriel Lazzarini
Peter S. Brown
Fred W. Chapman

V.

Board of Appeals

Peter S. Vallianos
Peter S. Murkett
Cynthia M. Weber
Dean P. Amidon
Mark J. J. Makuc

The Board of Appeals believes that the citizens of Monterey have a right to be aware of this action. Detailed information is available at the Town Hall.

— Board of Appeals

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Basis of Select Board's Appeal

To the Editor:

I feel that a letter of explanation from me is due the members of our community.

The Monterey Select Board wrote to Town Counsel Hugh Cowig and asked him to appeal the recent decision of the Board of Appeals regarding the Rosen application. We had two areas of concern. The first was procedural. The Board of Health was not notified correctly and not given the required thirty days to respond to the hearing. The second issue was the one of greatest concern to me. A letter from Town Counsel outlining his opinion on the matter was not distributed to all of the voting members of the Board of Appeals. I believe that it is absolutely essential that all available information be provided to all of the members for their consideration.

Unfortunately Mr. Cowig's writing of the appeal does not reflect our concerns. Instead he states that the interpretation of the word "reconstruction" is the basis of the appeal. I am very disturbed by this and would not agree to an appeal on this basis. In a telephone response to my questions about this occurrence Mr. Cowig stated that our concerns could be brought up and aired in court. He was not forthcoming with an explanation for the dis-

crepancy. As a matter of fact the Select Board became aware of the written appeal when a citizen of the town brought in a copy he had obtained. We had not received a copy ourselves and had not been shown a draft before it was filed with the court.

The Monterey Board of Appeals is an elected group of citizens of intelligence and integrity, and the interpretation of the bylaws is their responsibility. Once proper procedure is followed and all available information is distributed to all voting members, I will absolutely respect their decisions and would expect everyone else to do so as well.

— Muriel Lazzarini
Monterey Select Board



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Keith Snow, Pastor

For Information and Assistance:

Judy Hayes
MaryKate Jordan

528-1874

528-5557

Berkshire Grown

On November 20, Massachusetts Commissioner of Agriculture Jay Healey announced that the Berkshire Regional Food and Land Council (BRFLC) is being awarded a \$23,000 grant for its Berkshire Grown program. The Berkshire Grown program is part of a larger effort by the BRFLC to increase consumption of locally grown foods by 10 percent and thereby add \$60 million to the Berkshire economy. The first stage of this endeavor has been to successfully link fifty local growers, including Rawson Brook Farm and The Roadside Store and Cafe in Monterey, with sixty local chefs who have taken a pledge to use more local food in the over four million restaurant meals served here each year.

The grant is given by the Marketing Improvement Program of the Massachusetts Food and Agriculture Department to support the creation of stronger links between farmers and consumers, with the long-term goal of increasing the number of viable farmers in our community.

In announcing the grant Commissioner Healey congratulated Berkshire Grown on its forward thinking:

"It is important for all of us to make the connection between buying local foods and the health and well-being of our local farms. This is particularly true in the Berkshires where the landscape is not to be taken for granted. The Berkshire Regional Food and Land

Council must continue the educational process which changes people's buying habits in favor of keeping our local economy strong, which will in turn mean the increased profitability of our local farms."

Upcoming projects of Berkshire Grown include continuation of the "fresh Fax," sent weekly to restaurants and caterers during the growing season to inform them of what local produce is being harvested, and a new web page (www.newberkshire.com) that will link farmers, producers, and consumers.

Berkshire County loses seven farms and one thousand acres annually to the pressures of development and declining farm viability. The BRFLC strives to reverse this tragic loss so that local farms are maintained, the breathtaking beauty of our Berkshire landscape is protected, a healthy local food supply is preserved, and the Berkshire food and farm economy is strengthened.

You can support Berkshire Grown by dining at participating restaurants and by looking for the Berkshire Grown logo



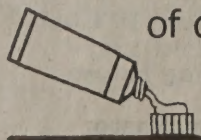
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Susan Sellow, Glynis Oliver, and Michal Lumsden packing Monterey Chèvre

while food shopping. For a complete list of participants, contact Amy Cotler of Berkshire Grown at (413) 232-7174.

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Life and Self-Deprivation: An Oxymoron?

In her book *Dakota: A Spiritual Geography*, Kathleen Norris opens a chapter entitled: "Deserts" with this quote from Ann Haymond Zwinger's *The Mysterious Lands*:

Dryness promotes the formation of flower buds.... Flowering is, after all, not an aesthetic contribution, but a survival mechanism. (p. 14)

Over the years I have cared for two Christmas cactuses with varying degrees of success. One year, I left them outside too long and a sudden cold snap took its toll. One plant survived quite well. The other had to be heavily pruned, but, amazingly, it revived and blossomed after about a year and a half. In caring for them, I was instructed by one who knew much more than I, about how to encourage the cactuses' blooms. She told me to place the plants in a dark, cool room for the summer and not to give them any water. Then about a couple of months before December, I should bring them out into the light and feed them water. Buds should appear in a month or two. Sure enough, it worked. There, before me, were plants filled with pale pink blossoms! Kathleen Norris's chapter "Deserts" reminded me of that episode with my Christmas cactuses.

What intrigues me are two characteristics of blossoming. As Ann Haymond Zwinger notes, human aesthetics see a lovely flower. The plant, on the other hand, blossoms to survive. Yet, is not our human survival intricately related to noticing and enjoying beauty? Both are vital to life. The other characteristic has to do with "dryness." The Christmas cactus must be fed dryness in order for it to live and blossom. Could it not also be said of human nature, that it is fed by quiet, by silence (the human counterparts to "dryness")?

I am reminded of this because I am writing at the peak of the Christmas shopping frenzy. The cacophony of sounds embodies all that the season is not. Of course, that is only one, rather insignificant, level of noise. I have always found the late-night Christmas Eve service to be the most meaningful. It is then, removed from all the commercially inspired drive to buy, buy, buy, that I find myself nourished by the hushed stillness. And, if I am nourished then, why not all the time? Can I live (blossom) if I do not feed myself the quiet, the silence, the dryness? I think not.

I am reminded of this need, which is rarely encouraged in our society, because of the kind and huge amount of energy that goes into every Christmas (and much of life) to determine its success. And that success is defined by

money spent and goods collected. Increasingly, we are allowing ourselves to be defined by material possessions, by the external. We are uncomfortable with the internal, the quiet, the silence. We fill our lives with chatter, with radio, with television. And, soon, there is only a remnant of the self. On a parallel note, paraphrasing a comment that John Steinbeck wrote in a letter to Adlai Stevenson in 1952, if you want to destroy a country, give it too much. The same could be said of each of us. At what cost do we sustain our lifestyle?

The Christmas cactus serves to remind us that in order for each of us to blossom/live we need to be comfortable with the quiet and stillness of our lives. As Kathleen Norris writes: "... a healthy ascetic [self-denying] discipline asks you to rejoice in these gifts of deprivation, to learn from them, and to care less for amenities than for that which refreshes from a deeper source.... A brother came to Scetis to visit Abba Moses and asked him for a word. The old man said to him, 'Go, sit in your cell, and your cell will teach you everything'" (pp.23,24).

Our life is our cell; and we need to learn to sit in it. It will teach us everything! Be still, and know ...

— Keith Snow

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Senator Says

On November 17, 1999, the Legislature concluded debate and veto overrides for the FY2000 budget. Although the work of the Legislature continues through December, the completion of the budget marked the end of formal sessions and roll call votes for 1999. Here are some notable 1999 legislative actions of interest to western Massachusetts residents:

Regional School Transportation: The FY00 budget includes \$40.6 million for the Regional School Transportation account, a \$6.7 million increase over FY99. The additional funding is the second installment of a three-year plan to fully fund these local expenses.

Aid to Public Libraries: The final budget also includes a \$3 million increase in state aid to public libraries. The additional funds will allow an increase in per capita awards to all municipalities and will also increase the minimum award for smaller communities. Small towns in western Massachusetts rely heavily on state assistance for their public libraries.

Prescription Drug Coverage for Seniors: The budget includes an expansion of the Senior Pharmacy program, increasing benefits from \$750 to \$1,250 per person per year. Income

eligibility guidelines were also expanded so that an individual earning up to \$15,492 per year may qualify for the program. For the first time, seniors who meet the income guidelines but are enrolled in an insurance program with drug benefits may also participate in the program. Once the primary prescription coverage has been exhausted, the senior can draw on the state program to cover additional prescription drug costs.

The budget also includes \$20 million for a one-year catastrophic drug pilot program that will focus on the needs of certain seniors and people with disabilities. Eligible participants must have spent 10% of their income on prescription drugs in any three of the last six months. Both Senior Pharmacy benefits and HMO benefits will count toward the 10%.

It is important that people throughout the community, especially those involved in the health care system and in civic organizations, be aware of prescription drug benefits available for seniors and disabled people. Some folks on fixed incomes might hesitate to sign up for the programs because they prefer to stretch their resources and cover costs as best they can on their own. Self-reliance can be admirable, but it does not make sense to cut corners or to create unnecessary financial worries for yourself when it

comes to your health and well-being. If you know people who have high prescription drug expenses, ask them whether they know about the helping hand available to them. Feel free to contact my district office for more information at 442-6810.

Community Preservation Act: This year I cosponsored the Community Preservation Act which passed the Senate in September 1999. This legislation will help communities to manage sprawl and maintain sustainable growth. If enacted, the bill will allow municipalities to establish a community preservation fund for the purpose of acquiring and protecting open space, historic resources, and affordable housing. Although our beautiful part of the Commonwealth has not seen the traffic congestion and loss of community character that have plagued some eastern communities, active efforts to preserve our natural landscape and quality of life are always a good investment.

The House passed a different version of this bill in November. A conference committee will now begin to work out the differences between the two bills.

— Senator Andrea F. Nuciforo, Jr.



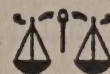
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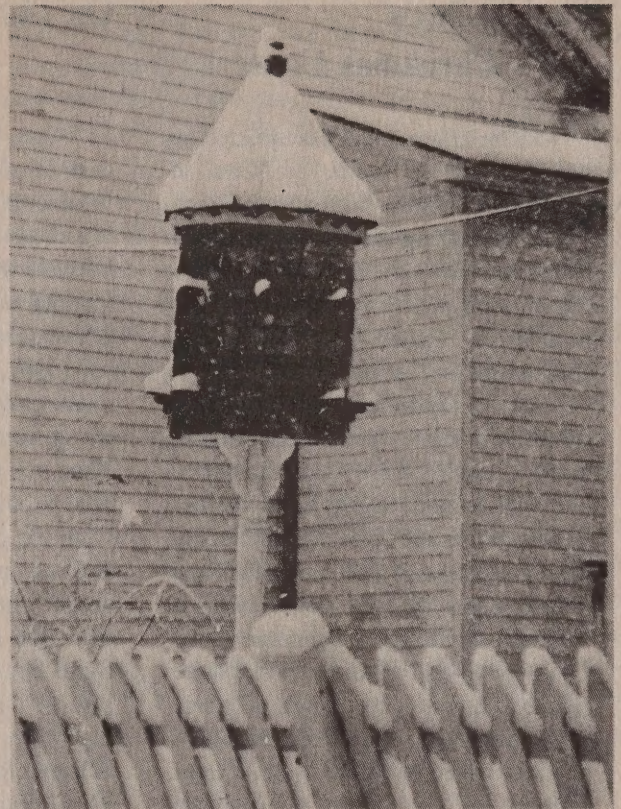
Mental Health has become an important issue in Massachusetts. The Senate has passed mental health parity legislation, and now it goes before the committee on House Ways and Means. After five years of ardent advocacy, the mental health parity bill is crossing legislative hurdles. With seven months left, all supporters, including myself, are pushing to make this proposal into a law. This legislation would provide insurance coverage for those suffering from biologically based brain disorders. It would provide benefits for mentally ill adults and emotionally disturbed children under the same conditions that medical benefits are provided. The bill would also eliminate high copayments for treatment. Mental health treatment and coverage like this are long overdue in Massachusetts.

This bill points out some serious issues concerning mental health insurance and the kind of care it covers. It has been proven that mental illness, like cancer, diabetes, and other diseases, is generally caused by a physiological disorder. Most insurance policies, however, have always covered the costs of the other illnesses while limiting the coverage for patients with mental illness. Mental illness deserves the

same health insurance policies allowed for any other illness. Coverage for mental illness would remove some of the negative opinions associated with this illness and help make the public more aware and understanding of the disease and its severity.

Businesses would also gain much more than they would lose because their employees would have access to physical and mental health care options that treat the whole person. Mental health coverage would be relatively inexpensive and the businesses providing the coverage would benefit in the long run. If employees with mental illness know treatment is covered under their health insurance plan, they will be more likely to seek the help they need and therefore will continue to be an asset to their employers.

Although a federal law has been made to close the gap between mental health coverage and physical health coverage, it maintains some disparities. While it mandates that annual payments and limits be the same for both medical treatments and mental health treatments, it falls short of full parity



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because it does not require equality in the limit of inpatient days and outpatient treatments. This loophole would be fixed by passing the state law presently in committee.

It's time for mental health parity to become law in Massachusetts, and I promise to support this matter when it comes up for a vote.

As always, please feel free to contact me with any questions or concerns at (413) 243-0289.

— Rep. Christopher J. Hodgkins

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Paul Halley's Christmas Concert

A Christmas angel has updated my address with the *Monterey News*, inspiring me to share with you the experience of hearing the chorus of former Monterey resident Paul Halley (Lake Farm, weekends from 1978 to 1990,) held at St. James Church in Great Barrington on December 11.

What a joyful noise! In fact, that is the name of Halley's non-profit organization, based in Torrington, Connecticut, which administers the activities, performances and tours of an adult choir called *Gaudeamus* ("let us rejoice") and a children's chorus called *Chorus Angelicus*. Halley, a member of the Grammy-award-winning Paul Winter Consort, has devoted much of his recent energies to the twin choruses—"committed to the vital work of transforming the soul of our communities through participation in the arts." Along with guest reader John McDonough, who read bits of holiday legend and poetry, they performed for a highly appreciative audience.

My fiancée, Kirk Swiss, and I had gone to hear the group in the spring when they opened the Tanglewood Season at Ozawa Hall with the B-Minor Mass of Bach. Our delight at the quality of the concert made us fans of this up-and-coming group of dedicated musicians.

I share this with you in hopes that you will have a chance to avail yourself, perhaps at a fraction of the cost of Tanglewood concerts, of this truly wonderful group. Or look for them at Tanglewood next spring, performing Mozart's *Requiem*.

— Laura Gaccione

On Christmas Day in the Morning

"Are you awake?" It's 5:30, still dark outside, but we're both awake so we decide to get up and get on with it. We dress hurriedly, in several layers because we know it will be cold. In the kitchen we briefly consider whether to allow ourselves an extra cup of black tea today, knowing we'll have a pot with our omlettes when we come back; we compromise by choosing the green. Then we put on our boots (mine are cold because I forgot to bring them in from the porch last night) and, breath and tea mugs steaming (it's seven degrees!), head down the front walk toward the garage. We don't need any lights because the three-quarter moon is more than bright enough. Glynis has to do the morning milking at Susan Sellew's Rawson Brook Farm, and since it's Christmas morning I'm going along to help her.

Glynis drives. Being an old hand at this routine, she has a Roadside Cafe tea mug with a cover, and I can't manage my sloshing tea and drive at the same time. Within half a mile the inside of the truck's windows are completely covered with condensation, and the heater/defrost has not yet warmed up enough to clear them. Our visibility is limited, but there's no one else on the roads as we drive by the General Store and turn onto New Marlborough Road.

When we arrive at the barn, Glynis starts to set up the milk room, which is heated, while I go into the barn proper, which is not, to wake up the goats and put out some hay for them. I fumble with cold hands to get the rubber overshoes on over my boots, a tight fit. Then I slide open the door, clapping my

hands and calling, "Yo, wake up ladies, wake up!" They are used to the routine, and, more or less willingly, move out of one side; I close and latch two wooden gates, shutting them out of the area they will be released into as they are milked. Next I bring in three bales of hay, and, working from the aisle on the closed-off side, cut the twine, and distribute hay in the haymow. The goats push for position in the aisle on the other side of the mow, and begin to eat; their jostling also forms them into an irregular line leading to the the milk-room door, a vertical sliding hatch set into the wall about two feet above the floor.

Back in the milk room, Glynis has the equipment all set up and is holding the entry hatch open as Bella, the first goat in line today, steps up through the opening onto the milking stand. Glynis tells me that the same three or four goats tend to come up first every milking, and that the others often come up in the same groups. Bella, all black and bearded (as many, but not all does are), is a matriarch of the herd, an old-timer who knows all the ropes. She calmly begins to eat her grain as Glynis attaches the two cups of the milking machine and it begins its rhythmic suction, emptying her udder through the lines into the metal collection bucket.

The milking stand at Rawson Brook Farm has always given me pleasure in its simple, functional elegance. Designed by Susan, and built by Wayne Dunlop, it is essentially a large lazy susan turntable about seven feet in diameter, riding on a pedestal that raises it about a foot and a half off the floor. The stand has three stanchions, each with a hinged metal frame that snaps closed loosely over the goat's neck, and a feed bowl (actually an army surplus metal helmet, an exquisite touch) that sits in a metal ring at just the right height. The milking machine has two sets of lines and cups, so two goats can be milked at once, although three are usually on the stand.

The machine begins making a dry sucking sound, indicating Bella is almost milked out. Glynis unhooks the cups and turns the stand (by hand) so that an empty stanchion is in position,

DESIGN AND PLANNING

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Christopher Blair

then opens the hatch, and Junonia steps up. As Glynis hooks her up, Bella remains in her stanchion; almost always, more milk will drop. When Junonia is finished, Glynis unhooks her from the machine, turns the stand again, and lets in Edona. Bella is now in front of me.

Glynis usually does the whole process by herself, but today I will work the third position, which entails connecting the milking machine cups over the teats for the second milking (making sure the teat is straight in the cup and not bent back on itself), then disconnecting the machine (remembering to shut the suction valve so the other set of cups, which Glynis is using in the first position, will continue to work) and dipping the teats in an antibacterial solution (there is a handy, appropriately shaped bottle), and finally releasing the stanchion and shooing the goat through the exit hatch. I fumble awkwardly at first, not used to handling the equipment, either machine or goat, but Bella is patient, though she seems quite willing to leave when I finally open the stanchion and the exit hatch, which opens into the emptied side of the barn. We will continue this process until all forty-five does are milked.

Junonia is one of the “shell line.” Susan and her daughter, Tarsi, get to know each goat individually and can recognize all of them from a distance, even when they are all milling about together in the barnyard and just look like goats to me. The names Susan and Tarsi pick tend to be grouped by themes. There have been many such groups over the years. The current lines include the shells (Junonia, Jingle, Coquina), tropical trees (Ebony, Balsa, Acacia, Mahogany), Indian foods (Paratha, Panir, Samosa, Lentil, Tikka), constellations (Andromeda, Vega, Lyra, Carina), and Monterey women artists (Gloria, Cynthia, Lavinia). Now I’m enjoying getting to observe and talk to each goat as it comes up (each has a name tag on its collar).

By now I’ve warmed up and taken off my jacket, and Glynis and I are into a rhythm. As each goat comes up and is milked, Glynis checks off its name on a

list on the wall. If any are missing when they stop coming up, we will have to go out and find it and then try to encourage it through the hatch. Sometimes two try to come through the hatch at once and Glynis has to shove one back. After seven or eight goats are milked, a buzzer on the milk machine goes off, indicating the bucket is almost full. Then we unhook the machine, and I empty the bucket into a large storage vat in the next room, appreciating the strength it takes to be a milkmaid—these buckets are heavy.



Now E.B. is on the stand, the last remaining member of the E.B. White line, which once included Charlotte, Serena, Avery, and Fern. E.B., black with a white triangular mark on each side, is the star of the herd, the archetype of what a milking goat should be—steady, productive, and amiable. Glynis says that even though she gives more milk than any of the others, it takes less time to milk her than it does some of the others who release their milk more slowly. E.B.’s daughters, the four tropical trees, are all good milkers. I especially enjoy Mahogany when she comes up; she is very beauti-

ful, a deep reddish brown with a black band down the center of her back and long black hair, almost like a veil, on her underbelly.

The first sunbeams sneak into the room as Wilma comes up. Wilma is the only member of the Will line, named for me because I “assisted” in her birth by standing by and watching, amazed at this new life coming into the world (fortunately her mother, Licorice, did not need my help). Susan told me that Wilma has always been the class clown, always acting up, but despite her peculiarities she is an adequate milker and has not disgraced me (nor I her, I hope).

We’re almost done now, and some of this year’s additions to the herd start coming up (about ten new ones are added each year as replacements for older ones who become less productive or don’t work out). These were born in the spring and aren’t being milked this year, but they tend to follow the others, and it’s good for them to learn the routine, so we give them grain while they’re on the stand to encourage them to come up. Ramses becomes confused and won’t back out of the stanchion to go through the exit hatch. Trying to pull a goat back by the collar or to push her head out never works, so, following Glynis’s directions, I try step one, tapping on the rear end. That doesn’t work. Step two, pulling and tweaking the tail, doesn’t work either, so I move on to step three, turning the tail like a crank. Glynis doesn’t want to have to invent what step four is, and finally Ramses squirms her head out, and we give her no option but to bolt through the hatch.

At last all the names on the board are checked off. Glynis begins the cleanup while I put my jacket and gloves back on and go back into the barn to open the gates and put out more hay. When we are done, we step outside into a brilliant Christmas morning, feeling blessed to be alive and in such a beautiful world. And we have omlettes and a good pot of tea still to come.

— Will Marsh

Trickster

*I'm happy to lie down and hide
between lines of your journal
and have you write over the length of me tickling
but as you close your mind, I'll sit up
peek through those crazy letters
hold those bars to your true opinions in both hands
like a baby in a crib
or a tart in jail
or a sad gnu in a zoo
I'll swing, a tatterdemalion, around the pole of your 'I'
with all my bells, blue beetles and phallic balloons
I'll hang my cloak on your '?'
slide down the brass of your 'I'
and turn your " " on and off like faucets
flood the pages with tears and laughter
so when you open to your remembrance someday
there will be a fist in your mouth—ha!
add some flames and flicker of those stars trapped
in the fine amber of wine we had tonight
Gadzooks! just realized while I've been hiding in your pages
you've hidden in mine!*

— A. O. Howell

Van Gogh

*The world tears forward.
Billionaires stare backwards,
Buying helpless gestures.*

— Peter Shepley

January

*Downhill's easy. I'm careful not to
brake too fast. The snow is deep,
but soft. Entering the road my view
is fairly clear. I turn and keep
the car in third. Proceeding toward
the General Store, I drive with care;
but it's less slippery than I'd feared.
Just one small skid—and then I'm there.
My shopping list is small; the Times
is not yet in. Why did I ever make
this trip? Another of my ego claims:
old winter's ways won't find me weak.
Retired: Can't I just enjoy the beauty?
It seems accomplishment's a constant duty.*

— Edwin Schur

This Choking Man

*This choking man has hope;
to spit out the gall
that he calls god,
and
eat the god he is.*

— Peter Shepley

His Presence Remains In Memory of Bob Thieriot

*Bob lived down the road in an old country house
with a beat-up VW outside.
A horse in the pasture that raised up his head
in the sun as I walked slowly by.*

CHORUS

*'Cause Bob was a man who was part of our lives.
His heart it was big though no stranger to pain.
He tried to do right with the gifts that he had.
His body is gone but his presence remains.
He's gone but his presence remains.*

*Bob weeded his lettuce and hoed up his corn,
and the pleasure he got was so clear.
The feel of the land with the peace that it brought
was a thing in his life he held dear.*

CHORUS

*I see him at the ice rink defending the goal.
I see him playing football in the snow.
I see him playing poker not pleased with his cards
and letting the whole table know.*

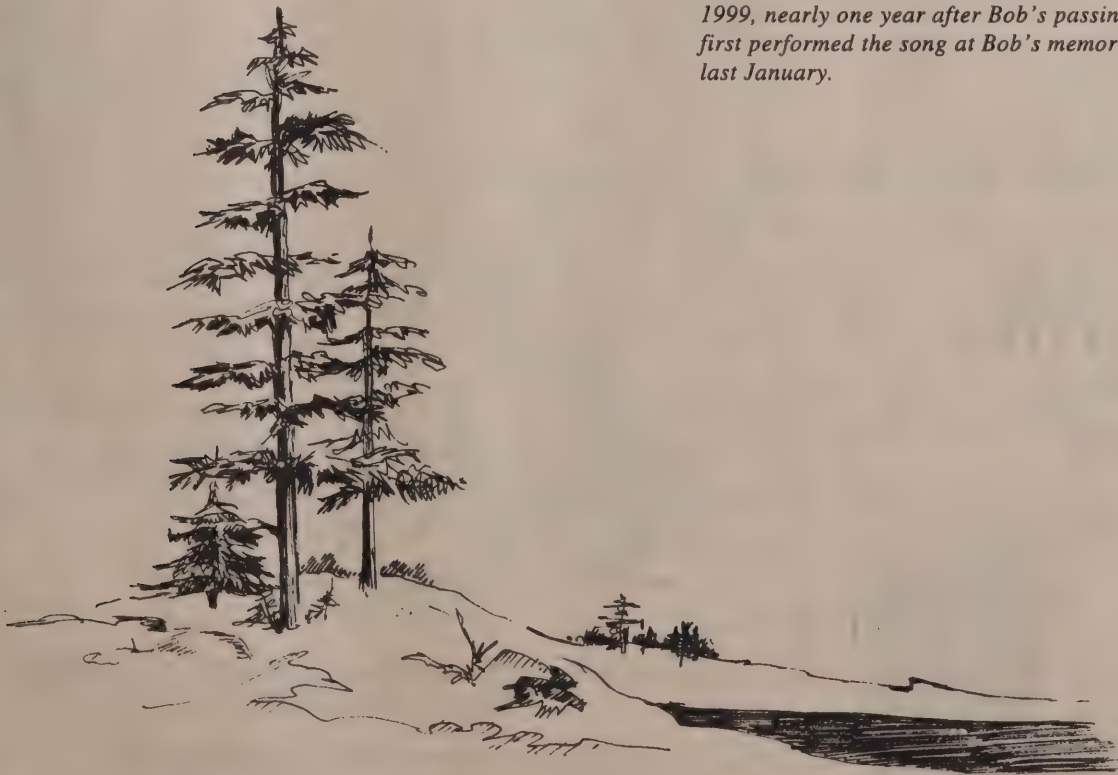
CHORUS

*When he loved it was plain.
When he angered, plain too.
But a loyalty showed to his friends.
He was larger than life, and his life it was large.
It's hard to believe it could end.*

CHORUS

— Oren Rosenthal

Oren Rosenthal led the chorus from Gould Farm's Boston Area program in performing this song at the Farm's holiday concert in Monterey in December 1999, nearly one year after Bob's passing. Oren first performed the song at Bob's memorial service last January.



New Years, Old Ways: Mistletoe

We made it! This is the new millennium and how do we feel? Are we turning over a thousand new leaves, taking a deep breath for greater resolve, leaving the past behind us, starting over? Or do we make a humbug of this numerology, this arbitrary assignation of chronology where we suspect there is none, or at least not in a straight line?

I've always thought the best thing about New Year's was New Year's Eve. When I was a kid I loved to stay up and watch the grown-ups dance, get silly, link arms, and sing romantically about cups of kindness. They looked blearily at each other and sang, "... my dear ...," then kissed. What a good tradition! Too bad it went on from there to waking up the next morning to impossible aspirations (vows, even) to self-discipline or productivity or just good behavior. I always thought, "Why pick this moment to turn perfect?" I was an uncompromising cynic. I thought, "Anybody who seems suddenly perfect on January 1 is faking it, obviously. It can't last." The tipsy party of the night before always looked much better to me. It was the flip side, the balance to the cold clear dawn to come, and it had singing, dancing, merriment of the moment. I looked at those happy grown-ups and was sorry they were about to be

clobbered by life as usual plus impossible vows. Give me the kissing, but hold the pious resolutions.

Whatever we may think about Y2K, this is the time of year every year when we have time for reflection, long evenings for thinking things over. We may go through the old photos and put some good ones in the album, toss the rest. We might go through the kids' clothes and pass along some little snowsuits to younger cousins, make space in our closets both actual and metaphorical. It's always such a trick deciding what to keep, what to pass on, and what to toss. I feel this way about books, clothes, clean glass jars, and traditions.

In our house we make cut-out cookies, dipped candles, ornaments, potato block print wrapping paper, and silk-screened cards. The cookies are a tradition passed along by my mother, and every time I am leaning over the table with the little tin cutter of the tree, I know Mom had to wiggle it out of the dough just the way I do, just the way Cora does, to keep the base from breaking off. I know the flicker of irritation she felt when it finally breaks anyway, coming off the cookie sheet. This was her cutter, her mixing bowl, her recipe from the *New York Times* cookbook, copied out the year before I was born.

Is this a tradition to keep? A poorly designed tin cutter to keep? My back aches from the extra attention I have to give this pesky tree, but I can put up with

the ache, year after year more easily than I can figure out whether or not to toss the tree cutter. So we'll keep it another year, and some decade, some century, Cora's descendants will have to figure out how much back pain it's worth.

Fortunately, some parts of the traditional package are easy to love. One of these for me has always been the mistletoe. (Aha! you say, kissing again.)



My parents hung a sprig of dull green twigs with little white berries, a bit old and translucent, from a beam in the living room. We all made a great show of dodging this spot, or lying in ambush nearby in case anyone wandered unthinkingly into the kiss zone. Sometimes, in rare radical moments, my brother or I would actually station ourselves right under the magic plant. I can take it! Come and kiss me!

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Where does the mistletoe get its power? The ancestors of my ancestors worshipped mistletoe in druidic groves. They harvested it with golden hooks and sacrificed two white bulls to keep the gods happy, especially Jupiter. Sometimes they also would sacrifice criminals, captives, strangers, princes, and first-born children. These are the parts of the tradition which my ancestors were wise enough to toss, but the mistletoe was also harvested and hung up in Roman times for peacemaking. Armies would come together under the mistletoe, throw down their arms, and declare a truce. Our ancestors, fortunately, stole the mistletoe from Jupiter and the druidic new year, which was in July, and attached it to their Saturnalia, December 17 to 25.

So we have mistletoe now at Christmastime, along with the tree and cookies and lights and many things which have nothing to do with any Christ or any debatable anniversary of a baby born in Bethlehem. Most scholars think the Christian church chose December 25 as the possible time of Jesus' birth because all the pagans were celebrating at this time anyway in observance of the solstice and early Roman festivals. They would be easier to convert if they could keep their same old party time.

This dark time of year with its famous long evenings is a good time to party, also to catch up on the photo albums. But I don't think this idea ought to be put into vow or resolution form. Just do it if it fits in, and only in short bursts of productivity, leaving lots of time for spontaneous kissing. If the kisses just don't seem to be coming along, hang up a sprig of mistletoe and do as the Romans did. Forget the Druids.

— Bonner J. McAllester

About Astrology

Capricorn, the Mountain Goat: King of the Hill

A few years ago, I watched mountain goats leap from ledge to ledge on the tops of cliffs lining the Inland Passage above Juneau. Flaunting a comfortable air of casual authority, these goats were, literally, on top of their world. And they not only belonged there, they were actually having fun.

From the deck of the cruise ship, I was looking up at them, of course. One does, to creatures High Above. And these were creatures made a little less than angels, even dressed in Christmas-like shimmering "angel hair": creatures like us in our state of original grace. No wonder we were given, in Genesis, the command to "have dominion over the earth."

Dominion, competence, command, authority are all words used traditionally to describe Capricorn. Her symbol is the Mountain Goat, whose rule begins in the cold season (December 21–January 19) when wind sweeps snow down to the lowlands below.

Of course, some say only an old goat could live under conditions like that. Maybe. But a visit to the local "chevre-goats" at Rawson Brook Farm will provide you with a sense of goats' playfulness, too.

Unless it allows for the playful, the dominion we are called to as conscious humans becomes simple domineering. Webster defines that as the ability "to rule ... in a harsh or arrogant way; tyrannize; bully." When Capricorn's authority is brittle or harsh, that's usually because Capricorn hasn't yet realized that authority flows from a sure-footed trust of the state of grace, not an external degree, honor, or amount of available capital.

Yes, Capricorn longs to be recognized as King of the Hill. And she will be, once she acknowledges that her serene majesty shines from the inside out. That serenity is sometimes called the wisdom that comes with age.

By either name, this is Capricorn's birthright. And it's something that both Alaskan mountain goats and humans with Capricorn important in their birth charts learn by living in an environment rich in the need for discipline, patience, and simplicity.

In New England we teach these lessons with phrases such as, "Use it up. Make do or do without." We have the saturnine examples of the simple life advocated by Helen and Scott Nearing and the "less is more" philosophy of Buckminster Fuller. Lessons that Saturn, Capricorn's most congenial planet, has to teach us all.

— MaryKate Jordan



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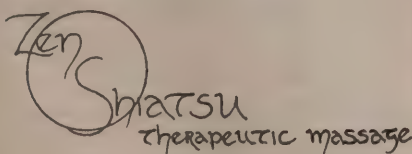
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Cat of the Mountain

Monterey may not be the most likely place to see a mountain lion, sometimes called catamount (cat of the mountain), but if these big climbing cats like high elevations, then, according to the Geological Survey map of 1973, Monterey has two so-called mountains, and five similarly high hills:

Beartown Mountain: 1800 feet

Hunger Mountain: 1700 feet

Chestnut Hill: 1800 feet

Morley Hill: 1800 feet

Palmer Hill: 1650 feet

Dry Hill: 1650 feet

Hall's Hill: 1550 feet

It is highly unusual to see a mountain lion here because the species has been classified as extinct in eastern North America for more than a hundred years. According to Jim Cordova of the Massachusetts Wildlife Field Office in Westboro, the last proof of any perpetuation of their kind around here dates back to 1858.

To make a local sighting even more remarkable, mountain lions are notorious loners and have a secretive nature, probably a survival necessity. Any public appearance anywhere always attracts what must be for them unwanted attention. Sightings also tend to spark what the Wildlife Office calls a mountain lion mania—everyone wants so badly to see one too that mistaken identity reports start coming in.

Except for a short mating period, these carnivorous cats, which require a steady supply of kills, do not even toler-



ate one of their own kind in their territory, jealously marking their territory with their scent and other signs as warning to all intruders. The cubs are born in a high remote rocky crevice or cave, and are raised by their single-parent mother. They learn a predatory existence by bonding with her and her prowess in stalking and surprising her quarry, rather than by bonding with each other.

Classified as big game, but protected by endangered species laws, today they mainly prowl through the pages of *Webster's Dictionary*, where they pop up on five separate pages, each time under a different alias, as follows: mountain lion, catamount, panther, puma, cougar. Adults may weigh up to 150 pounds, with a body about four feet long, a tail of about three feet, for a

total of seven feet from the whiskers to the last part to go out of sight.

Most people do not habituate rocky caves, so mountain lions are seen when they come down closer to where people live. And on the night of October 12, as Anson Olds was driving home on Route 23, traveling east, one of these critters sprinted in front of his headlights just before the intersection with Monument Valley Road and Lake Buel Road. The cat must have come down from the huge jumble of boulders north of Route 23, and appeared to be headed for the ridge up East Mountain, behind Butternut Ski Basin. Anson is an accurate and knowledgeable wildlife observer, and his description leaves me with a lasting impression (see my illustration).

This significant sighting was first reported in David McAllester's "Special Wildlife Notes" in the November issue of the *Monterey News*. Such an exciting development has created local interest. One month later, and three miles closer to home, Peter LeProvost of the Monterey highway department was driving his truck out the driveway of the town shed at 8:30 a.m. when he was startled by a similar scenario. The cat ran across Gould Farm Road there, sailed over a wire fence on the other side along Curtis Road, and quickly disappeared across the meadow in the direction of Diane's Trail. The next day Bob Curtis showed me a paw print of

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the biggest feline foot he had ever seen, in the sand next to the transfer station. Bob is an experienced cat tracker, and we both agreed it was easily big enough to be a mountain lion.

Soon after that, and about another three miles to the north, a bow hunter in a tree stand near the site of the old Camp Meadowlark, not far from Bidwell House, watched with trepidation as the mountain lion passed by directly below. Then on November 28 Gige O'Connell saw it back on Curtis Road between the Konkapot bridge and Route 23 (see "Two Special Wildlife Sightings" in this issue). And on December 1 it was back on East Mountain, within a mile of Anson Olds' first sighting. Dan Ranolde, of 126 Lake Buel Road was with a group driving deer in heavy brush, when it suddenly darted out ahead, about twenty-five yards away at first sighting, allowing for an unmistakable identification. Ernest Beckwith hunts in the same area and confirms seeing the tracks there.

Long ago when this phantom of sightings also reigned as lion king of the mountain, in the vast wilderness of

unexplored territory, those who chose to walk in his tracks were themselves called mountain men. They called the cat "painter," a colorful back-country inflection of the word *panther*. And they knew a panther was to be respected. If they heard one scream through a rocky canyon, it may have conveyed a chilling message—that few living creatures dared to come his way.

In Monterey we have already enjoyed the miraculous return of the wild turkey, rising up like a phoenix out of the ashes of extinction. The comeback of the beaver and the invasion of coyotes should give us a clue about the natural phenomena of adaptation of species. The results can be surprising, especially when aided by the support and intervention of the Wildlife Department and the enforcement of both state and federal regulations.

Will the mountain lion ever make a comeback here? I wouldn't bet on it, especially if you really think about its basic instincts. For instance, this one must feel uneasy in such tight quarters, knowing it has been seen. My guess is that it is back in the East Mountain Reservation, climbing up the ridgelines whenever it doesn't want to be bothered, going high enough until it senses that it doesn't have to look back.

— George Emmons

Two Special Wildlife Sightings

There were two notable wildlife sightings recently. The first was in the evening of November 28 when Gige O'Connell saw a mountain lion on Curtis Road between the bridge over the Konkapot and Route 23. The eyes, reflecting the headlights of the car, were too high for any smaller animal, and the light tawny color and the long tail were unmistakable. It didn't have the pointed ears or the short tail of our other big cat, the bobcat. Two of the people who work for the Town have also reported it in that same general region recently. Gige turned the car to keep the catamount (puma, cougar) in her lights, and she and it exchanged a long look before it moved off into the woods and she got back into her lane.

The other sighting was by me on Route 7 toward Sheffield. I saw not one, but six flocks of geese, swarming overhead going north and then circling back toward the south. They seemed as confused as the single coltsfoot I saw on one of our recent warm days that popped up three inches and opened its bright yellow petals on a damp sandy path by the brook on our place we call Dowd Brook.

— David P. McAllester



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Have Needle; Will (Time) Travel

Carrie Smith's Quilt Embraces Three Centuries

When Muriel Lazzarini opened the nineteenth-century crazy quilt and spread it gently across a table top, its jewel-colored velvets sparkled in the sunlight. Muriel's eyes sparkled, too, as she ran her fingers over the fabric and began to tell the quilt's story.

Carrie Smith, the woman who stitched it, was Muriel's maternal grandfather's aunt. In 1913, long before she was Muriel's great-great-aunt, Carrie Smith moved to California from Nebraska, along with other family members. The quilt was one of the items she valued enough to bring across the Rocky Mountains with her.

It's no wonder. Not only is the quilt awash with color, it's also filled with whimsical embroidery. Some of the embroidery was done along the lines between the irregularly cut pieces of fabric that give a "crazy quilt" its traditional name. This stitching was done in one or another of various decorative stitches, including feather and blanket stitches.

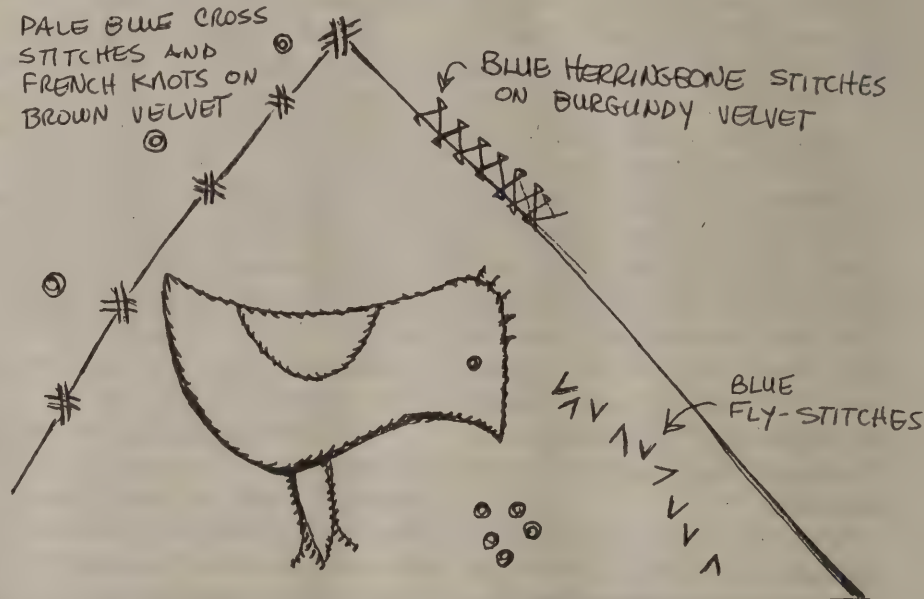
The rest of the embroidery was done as a number of "spot motifs," little stitchery pictures. The sketch of the sturdy little chicken was taken from one of those motifs. The stitches were done using a full six strands of embroidery floss, rather than the one or two strands often chosen for more delicate stitchery.

Sturdy. Whimsical, but not delicate. The same descriptions seem true for Carrie Smith herself. Although she fell and broke her hip at the age of 97, she not only rallied but lived to be 103.

Muriel met the quiltmaker at Carrie's 100th birthday celebration, when Muriel was less than 12, but Muriel's memories of the quilt are only

1800s, her quilt now may have spent more time on Earth than Carrie herself.

In this time of almost incredible individuality, when personal preference can dictate either January 2000 or January 2001 as "the actual start of the new millennium," let's each take a look at the value of our own contributions to whatever the new world order may be.



from her adult life. She remembers her mother keeping it in a cedar chest.

The quilt, which Muriel eventually received from her mother, is part of the legacy Carrie Smith left to mark her passage through life. Since crazy-quilt making was a fad that spread across the United States in the last decades of the

Perhaps the simple, challenging act of just doing what comes to hand, as Carrie Smith did, is what's most needed. May the legacies we each leave behind us be as whimsical, colorful, and enduring as Carrie Smith's quilt.

— MaryKate Jordan



Matthew Curtin



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Tales from the Navajos

Four Glimpses

She was perhaps seventeen, slim and graceful. Her black hair, gathered in a knot behind, gleamed in the firelight. It was tied with strands of white wool. She wore a velveteen blouse and a long calico skirt. Her bracelets, necklace, and belt were silver and turquoise.

I was an undergraduate from Massachusetts on my first trip to the Southwest, in 1937. I was still in my work shirt from excavating all day in the ruins of a seventeenth-century Spanish mission church at the Hopi village of Awatovi, Arizona. At the nearby settlement of Navajos, she had chosen me for a partner in the dancing for an Enemyway ceremony. We were holding hands and stepping along, side by side, in the quiet circular progression that helps bring about the reconciliation of all enemies. Around a group of male singers with high, powerful voices, twenty couples were moving, sunwise.

I was desperate to know what the songs were about. "What are they saying?" I asked. She didn't answer or look at me. I asked again. The air was pungent with cedar smoke and clouds of sparks flew up when another log was thrown on the big bonfire.

Then she spoke, with no trace of a Navajo accent. She had been away from the Navajo country for a long time. Perhaps she was an undergraduate at an Eastern college, too. "I haven't the least idea," she said.

*

I was at another Enemyway thirteen years later, three years into my first appointment as a professor of anthropology. I was back in the Southwest for a six-months' study of Enemyway music, but I was being careful to ask only about the dance music. I knew by then that the long sacred chanting in the privacy of the ceremonial lodge was not for outsiders to record or even inquire about. Three little girls had grabbed me and were dragging me around in the dance circle, much to everyone's amusement.

A group of teen-age boys knew just how to make me wish I could disappear. "Helloooo, anthropologist!" they called, so everyone heard them. "Are you here to study all about Navajo ghosts and witches?"

*

The singer was a tall, heavy man with a shock of white hair and a regal bearing. "Singer" is the Navajo word for a ceremonial practitioner. He had lost a son named David, who would have been about my age, and he had accepted me as a kind of replacement, to be his student. His ceremony was the Blessingway, not dangerous to anyone, but susceptible to harm itself if treated carelessly or with disrespect. He was to teach me as much as I was able to learn about Blessingway, over the next ten years, until he died in 1967.

"It was given to us by Changing Woman," he told me. "When the world was created she made the first people from her own body, and she gave us

Blessingway to help us live in harmony with the world around us. She is the Earth, and we are the children of Earth and Sky. Blessingway tells us how all this came about. It tells us why we are here and how we are to live so that we can continue to be here. Blessingway is present in every one of our many other ceremonies. It is the backbone of our religion."

*

In 1987 I was newly retired and was bringing hundreds of recordings I had made of Navajo sacred music to the Diné Nation College Archive at Tsale, Arizona. They were coming home for safekeeping and for use by qualified students there. I had just been to a sweatbath with several of the faculty, and one of them was explaining how all-inclusive Navajo religious philosophy is.

"Look at this land," he said, "how poor it is, and how beautiful. We are a Third World nation, and yet we have a philosophy that can save all of the world."

He looked out of his office window at the miles of grassland and sagebrush, the pinyon pines, the red rocks of the Chuska Mountains and the stately ponderosa pines darkening the steep slopes.

"We have two basic concepts," he said "and each is part of the other. They could be translated as 'Life Everlasting' and 'The Beauty Way.' It would take volumes of explanation to begin to translate them fully. They mean Sky and Earth, the Sun and Changing Woman, Male and Female. That clump of grass down there is Life Everlasting and The Beauty Way. And so, just as much, is that mountain, and so are you and I, sitting here. Many of our prayers end this way: 'Before me it is beautiful, behind me it is beautiful, above me it is beautiful, below me it is beautiful, all around me it is beautiful, I walk in the Way of Beauty, Hózhóone Nahazdlii!'"

— David P. McAllester



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PERSONAL NOTES

Birthday greetings go out to **Don Welsch** on January 3, to **Joshua Gardner** on January 4, to **Barbara Tryon** on January 5, to **Spencer Pope** on January 9, to **Cindy Hebert** on January 10, to **Jim Deloy** on January 11, to **Julian Mendel** and **Nadine Stoner** on January 13, to **Bridget Mendel** on January 15, to **Laura Dinan** on January 22, to **Shelly Bynack** on January 26, and to **Andrew Gardner** on January 27.

Happy Anniversary to **Karl and Shirley Quisenberry** on January 1, to **Don and Carol Welsch** on January 5, to **Rick and Debbie Mielke** on January 9, and to **Rod and Jeri Palmer** on January 23.

Cathy Rodgers and Bud Rodgers of Main Road passed on some wonderful news recently about their daughter, **Rachel**. Rachel has been appointed executive director of the County of Cape May (NJ) Cultural and Heritage Division. She was also recently appointed a Trustee to the League of Historical Societies of New Jersey. She will represent southern New Jersey at Trustee and membership meetings. Cathy and Bud are very proud of Rachel, as is her brother, **Ian**. Congratulations, Rachel!

A very happy Millennial New Year to all our readers. Yes, the year 2000 has arrived! We enjoy hearing your news, and passing on birthday and anniversary greetings. If you have any you would like to share, please drop me a line at P. O. Box 351, Monterey, MA 01245, if possible before the twelfth of each month

Thank you so much.

— Ann Higgins

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Checks to "150th Anniversary Celebration"

Raymond Butler

Raymond L. Butler, 92, of Main Road, Monterey, died December 9 at Fairview Hospital in Great Barrington.

Mr. Butler was born in Connecticut on September 29, 1907, son of Bernard and Minnie Butler, and attended local Connecticut schools. He moved to the Berkshires in the mid-1950s and built his house on Main Road in 1957. He worked for a time at the Ted Mack Camp in Great Barrington and at Camp Deerwood in New Marlborough, and later was a self-employed carpenter and stonemason. He also ran Beartown Gardens, a flower and perennial garden shop from his home. Mr. Butler also raised bantam chickens, goats, and beef cattle, and he loved to attend livestock auctions in the area.

Mr. Butler leaves his wife, the former Tillie Trudeau, whom he married in 1972 at the Egremont Baptist Church; a daughter, Marion Flint of Lakeville, Connecticut; ten grandchildren; sixteen great-grandchildren; and eight great-great-grandchildren. A son, Robert, predeceased him.

Memorial donations may be made to the Monterey Volunteer Fire Department, in care of Finnerty & Stevens Funeral Home, 426 Main Street, Great Barrington, MA 01230.

Madeline Warner

Madeline "Midge" L. Warner, 57, of Blue Hill Road, Monterey, died November 30 at home.

She was born in Becket on November 19, 1942, the daughter of William and Elsie Goff Dean, and attended Becket schools. She enjoyed gardening, sewing, baking cookies and pies, and reading Dean Koonts and Louis LaMore novels. She was a devoted mother and grandmother.

Mrs. Warner leaves her husband, John Warner, whom she married January 5, 1973; two daughters, Brenda Conn of Housatonic and Wendy Provost of Monterey; three sons, James Provost, Jeffrey Provost, and David Provost, all of Monterey; three sisters, Josephine Burke of Becket, Hazel Prina of Virginia Beach, Virginia, and Rose Guidetti of West Springfield; five brothers, Ronald Dean of Springfield, John Dean of Vermont, James Dean of Virginia Beach, Kenneth Dean of Chicopee, and Steven Dean of Agawam; and seven grandchildren.

Memorial donations may be made to the Friends of Animals, in care of Finnerty & Stevens Funeral Home, 426 Main Street, Great Barrington, MA 01230.

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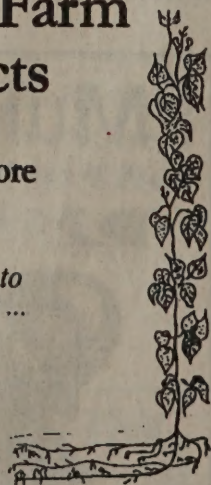
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Calendar

Saturday, January 1, Town Offices and Transfer Station closed in observance of New Year's Day.

Monday, January 17, Town Offices closed in observance of Martin Luther King, Jr., Day.

Tuesday, January 18, Free blood pressure clinic, 9:00-10:30 a.m., basement of Town Offices, administered by Visiting Nurses Assoc.

Saturday, January 22, Square and contra dancing, 8:30-11:30 p.m. at the Sheffield Grange, Rt. 7, Sheffield, Mass. Music by Mountain Laurel, calling by Jim Gregory. All dances are taught, and beginners and children are welcome. Refreshments at intermission. Adults \$5, children \$2. Information 413-528-9385.

Saturday, January 29, *The Fever*, a play by Wallace Shawn, 7:30 p.m. at the South Berkshire Friends Meeting House, 280 State Rd., Great Barrington. Performed by Zed Pine. No charge. For information, call Bonner McAllester 528-9385.

Tuesday, February 1, International folk dancing, 7:30 p.m. at Gould Farm. Led by Karl Finger. Instruction for novice dancers will be provided at beginning of evening. Families welcome! What a great way to start dancing, to expand your abilities, or just to watch and catch the spirit. Suggested donation: \$5 for adults, \$2 for children. Call Karl (413-528-2963) or Kim (413-528-1804) for information, directions.

Lake Garfield Association Eco Tip for December

*The ice is thin
where the lake waters flow.
If you skate and fall in,
you'll really know woe.*

Ice Rink Schedule

The Parks Commission has established the following schedule for the ice rink, weather dependent:

Monday-Friday

8 a.m.-3 p.m. Public Skating
3 p.m.-5 p.m. Hockey

Tuesday and Friday

7 p.m. Men's Hockey

Saturday

8 a.m.-Noon Kids' Hockey
Noon-3 p.m. Public Skating
3 p.m.-5 p.m. Hockey
5 p.m.-7 p.m. Icemaking
7 p.m.-9 p.m. Town Skating Party

Sunday

9 a.m.-Noon Men's Hockey
Noon-3 p.m. Public Skating
3 p.m.-5 p.m. Hockey



The Observer

November 26-December 25

High temp. (11/27) 60°
Low temp. (12/25) 6°
Avg. high temp. 41.1°
Avg. low temp. 25.8°
Avg. temp. 33.5°
High wind gust (12/11) 41 mph
Total precipitation
(rain and melted snow) 3.77"
Snowfall 1.8"
Precipitation occurred on 17 days.
Barometric pres. data not available.

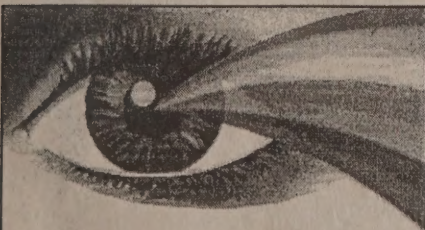
Transfer Station Hours

Sunday ... 10 a.m.-4:30 p.m.
Wednesday 8 a.m.-1 p.m.
Saturday 8 a.m.-1 p.m.

Peter S. Vallianos Attorney at Law 528-0055

General practice includes real estate purchases, sales, family transfers and transfers in trust, zoning, land use matters, conservation restrictions, landlord-tenant; wills, probate; commercial law.

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Our editorial address is *Monterey News*, P. O. Box 9, Monterey, MA, 01245. We invite letters, articles, drawings, poetry, and photographs from readers. Please send submissions (on PC disk if possible) by the fifteenth of the month before publication, addressed to the attention of the Editor. Send any change of address, or initial request to receive the

News by mail (free!) to Barbara Tryon, Business Manager. We will typeset a text-only ad for your Monterey-based business, service, or event, or advertisers may submit an ad with graphics on a PC formatted disk. Address your request for advertising rates and further information to the Editor, or telephone us in Monterey at 413-528-4347.

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Contributions from local artists this month: George Emmons, p. 14; MaryKate Jordan, p. 16; Bonner McAllester, p. 12; Glynis Oliver, pp. 3, 9, 11, 17, 19.

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